THE TICKLER.

BY TOBY SCRATCH'EM.

VOL II.——No. 14. Whole No. 66.

" Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one *worthy man* my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!"

POPE.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1809.

TERMS OF THE TICKLER.

I. The Tickler shall be printed on a neat type and good paper, medium size, and delivered to subscribers residing within the city and suburbs on every Wednesday morning, Papers for subscribers residing at a distance, shall be forwarded according to the directions given.

II. Subscription——Four dollars per annum, payable quarterly, in advance. Subscribers not residing within the city and suburbs pay half yearly, in advance. Single papers, twelve and an half cents.

III. Unless notice is given of an intention to discontinue, at the end of a quarterly, semi-annual, or annual subscription, the omission will be considered as a new engagement, and the papers forwarded accordingly.

Subscriptions received at the publication office, No. 131, South Front-street.

'*There is pleasure in Riding, which none but Horsemen know.*'

Old Riding School,

CENTRE-SQUARE.

T. SWANN respectfully informs his patrons and the public in general, that he intends to re-open his Riding School on Monday the 17th inst, and will use his utmost endeavours in teaching Ladies and Gentlemen real Horsemanship, agreeable to the strictest mechanic rules of art, &c.

Horses carefully and expeditiously broke, for the purpose of riding, either for ladies or gentlemen.

Also, the new exercise of the BROAD SWORD, taught by T. S. on the exact principles laid down by Major La Merchant, and practised by every troop both of the French and English, without the smallest variation.

NB. The School is much enlarged, so as to occupy a space of 150 feet by 54. being sufficient to practise a troop of cavalry at one and the same time.

April 5.

FOR SALE,

AT THIS OFFICE, A FEW COPIES OF THE

National Songster.

. Containing a collection of the most modern and admired patriotic, sentimental, anacreontic, comic, any masonic songs, original and selected.

Feb. 15.

Printing.

Books, pamphlets, cards, handbills, and every species of printing, neatly and promptly executed, on reasonable terms, at the office of the Tickler.

Scythe Stones.

FIRST quality Crum-creek Scythe Stones, for sale by John M'Ilvain, jr. No. 151, South-street.

April 12.

Proposals

FOR PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION,

A VOLUME OF POEMS,

ENTITLED

PILLS,

POETICAL, POLITICAL & PHILOSOPHICAL

PRESCRIBED FOR THE PURPOSE

OF PURGING THE PUBLIC

OF

Piddling Philosophers, Puny Poetasters, Paltry Politicians and Petty Partizans.

BY PETER PEPPER-BOX,

Poet and Physician.

Subscriptions received at this office.

April 12, 1809.

PATENT

WALL COLOURING,

AND PAINTING

IN IMITATION OF PAPERING.

THE subscriber respectfully presents his thanks to to the public, for the general encouragement he has met with, in the above-mentioned new method of ornamenting walls instead of papering; and as a number of improvements have been made, some defects discovered and accordingly corrected, he flatters himself, that a repetition of his former advertisements, as also a statement of his improvements, will be acceptable to the citizens at large. The superior advantages attending this painting, in respect to durability, cost, and not being a harbor for insects, must be obvious to every unprejudiced observer. It is generally known, that paper cannot be made to last long on damp walls, whereas the painting when executed in water colors, will stand proof for a considerable time, without being injured by it. The roughness of walls is as effectually hid by the painting when figured, as by papering, and when become scaly by repeated white washing, the subscriber has them scraped and cleansed with appropriate instruments. Among the number of his improvements may be rated in the first instance, his greater facility and accuracy in copying the most difficult patterns from paper. He has also discovered a better method of preparing his colors for plain grounds on new walls, and old ones, exposed to damp. He has invented a machine for a scaffold to raise and lower and move about without coming down, practicable in all parts of a building, by which means he will be enabled to do his work nearly half as fast again. He will for the future be better aided by proper instructed assistants, so as to prevent disappointment, and also establish a better, and to the public more satisfactory regulation of his prices.

Specimens in oil and water colours, may be seen in all parts of the city and suburbs. Patterns already copied from paper, to be chosen at his dwelling, No. 108, north Seventh-street, where written directions will be duly attended to.

N. B. Two boys, from 14 to 18 years of age, and of good moral character, wanted as apprentices.

Augustus Uz.

May 10——tf

LOTTERY TICKETS,

CHEAP.

ONE DAY ONLY MORE to draw in the *USEFUL ARTS*, 10,000 dollars in the wheel, and sold at 153, Ninth-street near Spruce-st. at One Dollar twenty-five cents each. May 10

Just Published,

AND may be had at the publication office of the Tickler, No. 131, south Front-street——price 31 cents.

Symptoms of Oppugnation,

Being an *elegant* engraving, commemorative of the late appeal to arms of the state of Pennsylvania against the United States.

May 10.

Dr. Godbold's

Vegetable Balm of Life.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

The following certificate is published at the request of the under-mentioned *NOBILITY*, &c. who honoured the late Proprietor with their names, to prove the validity of his assertions and for the good of mankind.

Godbold's Vegetable Balm of Life,

So truly efficacious in the cure of Consumptions and Ashmas, ought not only to be held in high estimation, but its reputation ever preserved; for which purpose, in justice to Mr. Godbold. sole patentee of the Vegetable Balm of Life, (and as a tribute due to him for the many years study and infinite expence he has been at, in discovering and bringing to perfection a medicine of such utility and importance,) we do hereby certify and declare, that this medicine, the superior efficacy of which we have experienced in our own families and to whomsoever we have recommended it, is a sovereign remedy in Consumptions, Asthmas, Coughs, Colds, and Scorbutic complaints; we, therefore, recommend it as highly necessary to be kept in all families, and it is our earnest request that the afflicted may give it trial, being convinced of its certain success in those complaints.

Most noble the marquis of Lothian
Right hon. viscount Dudley and Ward
Right hon. lord Grantley
Right hon. lord Macdonald
Right hon. lord Fortescue
Right hon. lord Montfort
Right hon. viscountess Dudley and Ward
Right hon. lady dowager Grantley
Right hon. lady dowager Fortescue
Right hon. Mr. Shirley
Right hon. lady dowager viscountess Falmouth
Lady Appreece
Sir John Coghill, bart.
Sir Francis Blake, bart.
Sir Brook Bridges, bart.
Sir Edward Newenham, bart. M. P. for Dublin
Judge Barrington, ditto
Sir George Armstrong, bart.
Sir James Lake, bart.
General Drouly
Colonel Doyle, and
Colonel De Bath.

The proprietor had the honour to receive a letter from the the right hon. earl of Stamford, wherein he says, 'I shall with pleasure give any person who might apply to me, my opinion of the good effects of your most valuable medicine.'

Attested certificates from the above noble persons, explaing the particulars of each cure effected, are wrapped round each bottle, together with other certificates too numerous to mention.

This medicine is sold by appointment of the proprietor, in bottles at one dollar each, by

W. LEHMAN, W. SMITH & SON,
South Second-street, 1st house above the Bank of Pennsylvania.
JOHN Y. BRYANT,
Corner of Pine & Second-streets.
JOHN HART,
South Second near Market-street.
BAZIN & CO.
No. 11, north Second-street.
SAMUEL WETHERILL & SON,
Front-street near Arch-street.
JOHN WETHERILL,
Corner of Arch and Front-streets.
STEPHEN NORTH,
No. 85, Market-stree
JOSEPH LEHMAN,
No. 222, Market-stree

And likewise by the proprietor himself,

Henry Ward,

Corner of Walnut and Eighth-streets.

At the same places may be had, Dr. Jebb's Nature's Restorative, and also, Dr. Tissot's Gout and Rheumatic Drops.

A liberal allowance will be made to those who purchase by the dozen.

NB. None are genuine without the signature of the proprietor as above.

May 3, 1809.

The Tickler.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 17.

'Squire Dick Palmer, the old cake woman's son, and John Blanket Leib, who understands the value of china, as well as drawing articles of agreement, took occasion to assail a young *strong* man, on Thursday last, because he expressed his satisfaction at the Philadelphia Blues not saluting old Crum-creek, on passing his Scotch snuff manufactory—'Squire Dick rudely demanded why he applied such opprobrious terms to an old *gentleman*; (meaning old kirb-stone) some acrimonious language ensued, when lawyer Leib thrust in his oar; but a gentle refresher of the treatment his illustrious brother had received, soon convinced him that his antagonist, though small in size, was too *strong* for him to contend with, so he wisely sneaked off. Palmer raised his cane in a very threatening manner—but a well clenched fist soon cooled the *justass*, and so the affray ended. A very pretty conservator of the peace truly; he who is sworn to preserve it, is the very first to commit a breach.

FOR THE TICKLER.

Mr. Scratch'em,

I have a continual itching to appear an author, and the fever of anxiety occasioned by it, frequently puts me into that kind of panic called the 'wits end.'

I remember once attempting to compose a song, & having wrote the following:

'When first my youthful bosom beat
'With love's delightful throb,
'I little thought that any man,
'My innocence would rob.'

I found myself so bewildered in the labyrinth of learning, that I could find no more common words; and of course the public was deprived of my labours, being obliged to discontinue the subject.

On another occasion I commenced a dissertation on the natural world, as follows:

'When we take a view of the works of Providence, and design to estimate the result of our enquiries on that important and truly pleasing subject, we should begin with the minutiæ of matter, and rise with each progressive object as they occur in the order of succession: and indeed'—at this juncture, this critical moment, just as I was unfolding an important sentence, in steps an old acquaintance, who drawing me into a political discussion, so completely interrupted the thread of my discourse, that I could never afterwards resume it.

At another time intending an essay on morality, I was so lavish of hard words, and had so studiously labored in their arrangement, that in order to keep up a sameness of idea, it was necessary to recur to a dictionary; but not being possessed of one, I was compelled to abandon the attempt altogether, though I had written several pages.

And yet, notwithstanding all those disappointments, vexations and mortifications; I am still subject to the same foolish ambition.

Nature and education, have both kindly contributed their exertions to disqualify me as an author. But in spite of their opinions, I experience almost daily the same disagreeable mortifications, One might suppose that in this routine of disappointment, where every endeavour proves fruitless, that a proper estimate might be made of the talent we possess, and that the consideration of its imbecility and ignobility, would forever exterminate every idea of its improvement. But this, so far from checking, seems to give a spring to my ambition; and as I am too vain to impute sterility or barreness to my own ideas, I very generously transfer it to the subject on which I employ them. By thus endeavouring to avoid the imputations of a blockhead, I keep up my spirits; and am as vigorous in all my undertakings, as tho' I had never known defeat. Soon, however, the prolixity of matter, pressing against the cavities of the pericranium, makes *confusion worse confounded* and obliges me in pure regard for the safety of my intellects, to relinquish my designs of an authorship.

And yet, no man has perused more books than I have. History and poetry of every age and country; novels and romances, of all kinds and qualities; have alike been devoured with an avidity which nothing but the 'love of learning' could create. And why, in spite of all those acquirements, I am unable to compose a treatise—digest a sentiment, and render a reason, is beyond my comprehension.

Nature has in her frolicsome mood, given me the disposition to study, & the ambition to prompt exertion; but in point of intellect, she has cruelly curtailed the quantity or allayed the quality—thus willing contraries, by exacting to an extent, where she has not given power to perform.

Whether under these disadvantages, I am to be pitied or not, I leave to the reader; begging permission to adduce an instance of misfortune, which will not fail to excite commiseration.

I had long considered the English retailers of our theatrical amusements, as unprincipled monopolists, who colonized our theatres, and imposed their productions on the American republic, without regard to the feelings, the dispositions or the habits of an American audience. Determined therefore to resist, as a patriot, such daring encroachments, and shew them that America has her geniuses, I attempted to write a comedy, which in purity of style and propriety of character, should blazon to the extremities of Europe.

Big with the idea, I did not fail to inform my friends and acquaintances of my intentions, and beg an interest in favor of my little embryo, which I promised them should in a short time appear on the stage. In the mean time I closely applied myself to composing, and in the *short* space of three weeks, after experiencing many vexatious interuptions, I was enabled to produce the first scene in the 1st act!

The characters in this scene were twelve grotesque figures, singing an allegro—ill penesoro, &c. To each character I allotted one song, and then exeunt. To give some idea of the composition, I transcribe from memory a few stanzas from one of them, which began thus:

Away—begone—hence—off my lord—away!
But thou sweet Cynthia—gentle darling, stay,
And sit with me to day;
Or tumble in the hay! &c.

But as I had made all the characters to appear solus, the above address of the amorous, to the intruding gentleman, was certainly incorrect, as neither my lord nor Cynthia were present. But sir, the principal incongruities in the comedy, and which conferred the epithet of d——d upon it, were these. The commencement was melo-dramatic or operatic, the middle comic, the end tragic. I was led to write in this melo-drama-comic-tragic stile, by giving way to and implicitly following the different ideas that entered my head at various times, from the commencement to the conclusion, without reference to the original design, a fault which some writers frequently commit to very great excess, and often with impunity.

Well sir, after close confinement and three months incessant writing, I concluded this melo-drama-comic-tragedy, and began a fresh copy for the press: but in performing this last service, I so completely transformed it in alterations and additions, that not a vestige was left of the original—though in my opinion much to its advantage.

Elate with the idea of being an author, and the celebrity of a play writer, I immediately summoned my friends to hear it read, and pass their opinions on the language, stile, characters, arrangements, &c.

Well sir, the eventful moment came—the moment that put me into such perturbations and and anxiety, that with a tremulous accent I began the rehearsal of my celebrated melo-drama-comic-tragedy, amidst the laughter, sneering, sniggering, grinning & wriggling of my good friends summoned on this important occasion, and who to my chagrin, continued to interupt me with their sarcasms and quizzes, during the whole time—such as, 'Doctor, I think you have too closely squeezed your brains in raising up this antique Collossus.' 'Pray Doctor, how do you pronounce that word there? hem! vide Noah Webster! hem.' 'Did you write it on a moonlight night Doctor?' 'No,' says another, 'don't you hear it thunder; why sir, he wrote it when a thunder storm rolled over his head, and the flashes of lightning made him every now and then give such a jump, ha, ha, he!'

These and a thousand other vexing things induced me to poke the celebrated melo-drama-comic-tragedy into the fire, then springing up I vented my curses on their manners, and retreated with a determination to quit all kinds of authorship, and come down from a situation that exposed me to the vexations of disappointment, and the derision of my fellows,

And am yours,

PATRICK PEEVISH, M.D.

PS. Since I have written the foregoing, which I assure you shall be my last public appearance, I feel a great deal easier and happier than ever I did in my life; indeed the gnawing pain of authorship has entirely left me.

P. P.

FOR THE TICKLER.

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Mr. Scratch'em,

I am an old man, fond of taking a little sup now and then, at my friend col. M'Karraher's or Miller's, where I am not altogether inattentive to the conversation which passes among the *wiseacres* who frequent these places.

Since the late disgraceful attempt of the state of Pennsylvania to deprive a citizen, who was active during our revolution, of his just rights, and the magnanimous conduct and upright decision of our judges, who feared not to *do him* justice, and to inflict the just punishment of the law on the offender, I have heard much of the revolutionary services of Gen. Bright, who was a prominent character in opposing the process of law under the orders of that luminary of Pennsylvania, Simon the Tanner. As the revolutionary services of Mikey have been so often quoted, I should be glad to know, what they were, where the most conspicuous, and in what *capacity* he was? Pray how old do you call this *general*, this man of *dough?* Methinks from his appearance he is not more than *forty-two*, consequently by my calculation he must have been a boy, *wielding the peal* or breaking the dough with his daddy's wooden horse in a bake-house during our revolutionary struggle. I certainly do not remember him at Billingsport, at Trenton, Princeton, or White Marsh, neither can I think he has ever been a soldier, otherwise he would certainly set a better example of discipline, than to appear on parade to review his troops without uniform, which was the case a few days since. A general officer and without uniform on a parade day! O fie, Micky fie. If I had been an officer superior to you, I would have instantly arrested you.

Let not our ears be bored with the revolutionary services of such men—there are hundreds, nay thousands, who fought and bled to establish the independence of the states, of whom we hear nothing said, neither do we see the least gratitude shewn them: on the contrary, these who held offices, have been displaced; for what? because they disdained to *barter* the dictates of their consciences, to place a man in power, whom they knew was incapable of filling the important office of Governor, and who has proved by his imbecility and ignorance a disgrace to Pennsylvania, all that an English scape-gallows may say to the contrary notwithstanding. There are democrats, who I trust will think for themselves, who are independent of the threats of time servers and imported patriots. Patriot, a name which has been employed for the worst of purposes, was once the solace of a soldier's cares, at a time which tried the souls of men.

Our worthy president has pardoned the general and his men, I wish that his clemency may not be mistimed, for those who acted under the governor's orders, must certainly have approved of them, otherwise they would have risqued the loss of their commissions rather than become a party in the nefarious act; but the commission of *flour inspector*, aye, that would have been lost also, there's the rub; Micky likes puddings* and a good salary; therefore would not displease his excellency Simon. This is what I call holding a man by the teeth.

A DEMOCRAT, *but no Schneiderian.*

* Flour inspectors put the proof into a leathern bag; and it is sufficient to supply their families with puddings.

OPERATIONS
OF THE
Grand Army of Pennsylvania.
VERNAL CAMPAIGN.

FIRST BULLETIN.

May 8, 1809.

The 24th sub-division of the grand army paraded at their usual ground, near the *Hospital des Invalides.*—This division enjoys the peculiar felicity of being commanded by very able officers; particularly their commandant.

'Who from New-Market proudly trots,
Tir'd with the clank of pewter pots,
To view his regiment twice a year,
And then—returns to draw his beer.'

The merit arising from alacrity may be justly claimed by the late captain, now major Berry's lieutenant, who was first on the ground. Here let us pay a tribute to the newly elected major, Berry, whose *new* regimentals made him appear quite a *new* man; and to whose *tout ensemble* pronounced him to be one of those

——————'whose tongue
Is with the triple thunder hung;
Who cries to fear—stand off!—aloof!
And talks as he were cannon proof,
Would be deem'd ready, when you list,
With sword and pistol, stick and fist,
Careless of points, balls, bruises, knocks,
At once to fence, fire, cudgel, box.'

Capt. Beck, our friend Robert T. Rawle's old antagonist, paraded the largest company on the ground—*without arms*—probably our rulers ordered the men to appear unarmed, as it would be an excellent emblem of the settlement of our differences with England. John Means, the fellow convicted of horse-stealing, is still continued as a subaltern officer, when his judgment in *horseflesh* at least entitles him to the rank of major. But *merit*, such as John's, does not always meet its *due reward*—even young lawyer Randall was not provided for till lately, when the king of Ignorance appointed him clerk of the Mayor's court.

Jakey Mitchell, the musical legislator, who obtained the Inspectorship of lumber, as a reward for his sycophancy to the king of Ignorance, is also a captain in the 24th sub-division; and is said to have set Duane's Military Library to music, to enjoy the pleasure of singing the word of command.

The most decent officer in the line is capt. Cooper; and his appearance would be vastly improved, were he to pay more attention to 'heads up!——eyes to the right!'

Capt. Flash is the adjutant of this sub-division; but on this day, owing to the absence of the 2d major, who was obliged to attend a large sale of dry goods, at Wier's, Flash discharged his own and a major's duty to boot——*apropos* of boots——we think Flash's boots the most military article we ever saw, as they strongly resemble those of the French postillion, described in Sterne's Sentimental Journey.

The line being formed, the whole moved to the 'tented field,' out Pine-street, near Schuylkill; where, after a little marching and counter-marching, the men were dismissed to afford them an opportunity of inhaling fresh vigour. At the beat of the long-roll, all the men returned to the ranks tolerably sober——[illegible]

we are obliged to note that many of the subaltern officers appeared quite *overcome* with the arduous duties of the day.

Several intricate manœuvres were executed with their wonted precision. As yet colonel Maycarryher adheres to Steuben without once endeavouring to introduce Duane's borrowed tactics. Major Berry's intelligence was of singular service to the colonel, as he repeatedly admonished the men 'not to turn round and round, till they were ordered——why don't you turn round as you were before?'

Danny, the brigade inspector looked very *sharp*. He could not undertake the review and inspection, until he had, *imprimis*, filed his plea at the *bar*. Sharp long practised at the *bar*, though he has never been admitted as an attorney.

After the review, the colonel and brigade inspector received the honors of a salute *en passant*. The volunteer corps saluted very well—but most of the officers of the line made but a *rum* appearance. One fellow, either a lieutenant or ensign, without uniform or sword, *except a sprig of shilela*, cut 'such fantastic tricks,' as made even Anthony Simmons laugh.

The colonel began to apprehend that if he remained much longer on the field, he would be compelled to put all the carts and oyster barrows under requisition, to get some of his officers home; so wisely took up the line of march, and led them off, primed for love or war.

Second Bulletin.

May 9.

This was truly a day of glory to colonel Handsaw, commandant of the 25th sub-division of the grand army. Previous to the day of all days, the day of parade, colonel Handsaw issued printed orders detailing his contemplated operations; though from our knowledge of his literary qualifications, we are induced to ascribe them to the pen of his predecessor, who can detail tactics or ride a pole with any man.

To aid him in the execution of his arduous enterprizes, Handsaw was ably assisted by his two majors, men universally allowed to be

'Great adepts in the fighting trade,
Who serv'd their time on the parade.'

The field of Mars was graced by that son of gun-powder, lieut. colonel Duane. Binns, the rascally Maidstone mocking-bird, also infested the place of parade. A view of the faces of this pair of worthies would have been of infinite value to an Hogarth, as every base and unworthy passion was plainly visible in their respective countenances. However, Billy reddened, while Binns looked like a lump of lard. Beside Binns rode the *modest* young *Jothiah Randall*; truly fit companions, if rascality and impudence may be allowed to confederate.

Gen. Bright and some friends came on the ground as spectators: but folly appears to bear the sway in the field as well as in the cabinet; scarce had Bright made his appearance, ere he was importuned to review the regiment, though out of uniform, and we are sorry to record that he was so weak as to consent. This was sporting the cap and bell coronet at a wonderful rate.

After the review was over, Handsaw entered upon the execution of his manœuvres:

'*First*——to form the potents, by the even platoons quarter wheeling on their right, the odd ones on their left——for the purpose of inspection.' This consists in placing the line in an odd kind of a worm fence order, & was very well executed by *placing*, instead of *wheeling* the men into their respective positions.

'*Second*——Form column on the right and left, by battalion—display to the right and left in perpendicular echellon, the front to face and form the line.' This was executed tolerably well.

'*Third*——the first battalion to form on the left platoon, the second to form on the right platoon.' So, so; *la, la*.

'*Fourth*——the whole to advance about 40 paces.' [executed in a delightfully confused manner] 'and display to the right and left in echellon'——[forming in figure one section of a big worm fence] 'the right wing will quarter wheel *backwards* on its left, by platoons: the left on its right, then quarter wheel right & left into echellon and form column, as before.' Miserably botched.

Fifth——the whole to the right about face, *retreat*, [admirably executed] to the former ground, and display to the right and left.'

Thus far Handsaw proceeded in the execution of his orders, when he unfortunately had his hat knocked off, by his horse, who attempted to salute his cheek.—This unforeseen occurrence so deranged his ideas, that he declined attempting the three remaining manœuvres, and marched home.

Third Bulletin.

May 10.

Cyclops, the commandant of the 28th sub-division of the grand army, formed the line at a very late hour. This able commander is undoubtedly the handsomest field officer in all the grand army, and from his martial appearance, we are led to suspect, that he sat as a model for Woodside, when he painted his last new tavern sign of the king of Prussia. He rides so inimitably well, that we presume he has received lessons from the celebrated Swann, who is such an adept at making good horsemen, that he may be said

'To twist and twine both horse and man,
On such a well concerted plan,
That, Centaur-like, when all is done,
We scarce can think they are not one.'

Major Glause had received a severe contusion in one of his hands, that prevented him from appearing on the parade. Major Shull, with his wonted alacrity, was found at his post, and really made a most beautiful and martial appearance. Captain Malone has very much improved, by changing his old three-story hat for a fine 3 acre *chapeau bras*, large enough to cover a potatoe garden.

We felt very much affected on observing that the capt. of the 2d company walked lame, which we are told, was occasioned by his falling into a hogshead of molasses, where he received a wound in one of his knees. Ensign Blubberchops still preserves his beautiful chubby appearance, and looks as if he thought

'That none who, with due share of sense,
Observ'd the ways of providence,
Could with safe conscience leave off *drinking*,
Till they had lost the power of thinking.'

Putty, lieutenant pro. tem. and clerk to the regiment, though out of uniform, looked very neat. He is of infinite service to the 28th sub-division; yet still all his compensation is said to be the privilege of being kept *shot-free* on all festive occasions, in the articles of terrapins, turtle-soup, and sweet oil.

After the line was properly adjusted to the satisfaction of Cyclops, he and the *sharp* brigade-inspector reviewed them, though the 2d battalion stood at a shoulder, instead of a present arms, on their illustrious officers passing the line.

The review and two essays to form column by battalion, were all the manoeuvres Cyclops attempted. Such parades under such an officer, must have a great tendency to infuse a knowledge of tactics into the militia.

Fourth Bulletin.

May 11.

Colonel Nosey Bartram, commandant of the 50th sub-division of the grand army, possesses the advantage of having two troops of light dragoons, one company of artillery, and two volunteer companies of infantry attached to his regiment.

Contrary to practice, no Harriet graced this day's parade, but Nosey was left to execute his arduous undertaking without receiving one cheering smile from his old inamorata.

And now step forth brave captain-lawyer Lisp,

'Thou sketch and outline of a man!
Thou thing that hast no shadow in the sun!
Thou eel in a consumption! eldest born
Of Death on Famine! thou anatomy
Of a starv'd pilchard!'——

This biped, captain Lisp, has undergone a most wonderful metamorphosis—his head is hid in a huge *chapeau bras*, half as large as one of Oliver Evans' burr mill stones, with only the tip of his nose visible; his chin and mouth properly secured behind a full swelling cravat, begirt with a stout leathern stock; a queue containing nine and an half hairs, & about two inches long. His coat is quite *a-la mode Francaise*—all breast with a little tail. His apologies for legs properly wrapped up in flannels and rammed into a pair of white pantaloons; his shins were armed with leather——

'With a huge sword, no spurs, high feather;
Fearful of ev'ry thing but weather.'

Thus accoutred he entered the *Campus Martius*, or state-house yard. After receiving the congratulations of his brother officers, and exhibiting himself to several hundreds of little boys, he bid the drummer beat the long-roll for the 8th company. With much difficulty he assembled seven men; but when he had the men, he was at a loss how to employ them, till at length recollecting that he wore a sword, he ordered the boys to 'stand out of the way;' then 'drew forth his shining blade'—passed the edge across his finger ends, probably to ascertain whether it was keen enough, and began to drill the men. 'Attention!'——'to the right dreth!'——'to the left dreth!'——'*as you were!*' These *intricate* manœuvres not being executed to Lisp's satisfaction, he made his men go through them a second time——then 'count off right and left'——this done——'right and left double.' Some of the left stepped behind the right, and some of the right behind the left—'as you were!' cried the captain. Indeed, 'as you were' appears to be a favorite with him. Finding it difficult, if not altogether impracticable to get his men into double files, he marched them off in single file, himself strutting at the head, like a turkey walking through high grass.

After twisting and screwing his legs to make his toes turn out, and several fruitless endeavours to keep step with the music, he reached Chesnut-street, where he received two more of his men, who had fallen into another company. Thus followed by nine men, he drew up before the prothonotary's office to receive his muskets ----this was quite in character, as he uniformly draws all his weapons from that office. When his nine men were all armed and placed in double files, he ordered them to 'thoulder firelock'—'right fathe——forward march!' and away he strided to the field of battle. Upon taking his station in the line, he left his men to face to the front without giving the word of command, & then straddled off to converse with the captain of the next company, whom he told that 'thome of hizth friendths had remarked, that if hizth eyeths were thunk a little deeper, and hizth complexion thomething darker, he would be the very picture of Bonaparte.'

Lisp observing that the captains of other companies were drilling their men, undertook to follow the example, but soon committed a terrible blunder, by ordering his men to 'thupport armths,' when they were standing at an *order*. But Lisp may console himself with reflecting that he was not the only disciple of Folly on the ground, although perhaps it was more visible that

'Her cap he wears, which from his youth he wore,
And ev'ry day deserves it more and more.'

The whole having arrived on the field, colonel Nosey resolved to execute some of his best manoeuvres, and to that end ordered the officers commanding platoons to advance two paces in front, to serve as guides to the men, when the whole line moved forward. After Nosey had bellowed out his orders, Lisp would ask very audibly, as though he were cross-examining a witness, 'what's that, thir?' Previous to advancing it was found necessary that the 2d battalion should incline more to the right; Lisp, instead of ordering his men 'to the right fathe,' told them to 'turn thith way men.' The line now advanced, with Lisp at least 5 or 6 instead of 2 paces in front, so that he might be seen by the whole, strutting and cutting as many antics as a maggot in a rotten cheese.

Every blunder that was committed on the field might be said to have had its origin with Lisp—he confused the men when the whole line was advancing, and spoiled the solid column by detaching his nine men from their platoon—this occasioned his platoon's being much too short, whilst the next one was nine men too long, and projected considerably beyond the left of the column. After the display of the column and return to the ground they had left, they all were dismissed; the men to refresh themselves, and Lisp to shew himself to the ladies, who one all exclaimed, 'la! only look at little captain Lisp!'

It appeared that one of the elements was much chagrined that captain Lisp should dare to make such a martial appearance, and rain began to fall pretty copiously. The captain expressed much concern at this unfortunate event, as he had forbid the taylor to spunge his coat, least the spectators might suppose it was not spick-span new but only turned, and now the envious rain was about to rob him of the beautiful gloss!

'And all will own, who pay regard
To charity, it must be hard
That in his very first campaign,
His honors should be soil'd with rain.'

Colonel Nosey Bartram feeling that his officers and men were better soldiers in sunshine than rainy weather, resolved to evacuate the field, and take up the line of march. This appeared to console Lisp for the loss of the gloss of his coat, as it would afford him an opportunity of surprizing the ladies with his semblance of Bonaparte.

The quarter-master of the regiment made a martial appearance, and rode very well, considering that he was recently twice cobbed for serving out rations too late, for gen. Bright and his companions.

When the regiment had paraded through about one dozen squares, the commanding officers of companies were left to dismiss their men. Lisp marched his nine into the prothonotary's office, where they deposited their arms, and instead of dismissing in a regular manner, he told them to go about their 'bithneths,' to avoid repeating 'to the right-about fathe! dithmith.'

Fifth Bulletin.

May 12.

The *brave* and *liberal* colonel Hugh Ferguson discharged the duty of commandant of the 84th sub-division of the grand army. On all former parades Hughey wore his hair unincumbered by any bandage; this we attributed to his attachment to democracy, which led him to deem it aristocratic to tie even the hairs of his head; or to his modesty, which he evinced by not wearing a tail. But to our infinite surprise, he on this day had his hair made up into a little tail, about the size of a ground squirrel's——he, however, observed his usual regard for economy, by purchasing only half enough ribband to cover it.

The '*handsome captain*,' appeared to his usual advantage; without having lost one of his personal charms, he now does not appear half so attractive in the eyes of the ladies, because he has lately resigned them all, and singled out one for his wife—thus making one supremely blest, whilst one half of the young widows are half broken hearted, at losing him forever.

During the interval allowed for refreshing col. Hughey *by mistake*, went into a tent, in which several compliant fair ones were sitting, with whom he chatted in his usual pleasant way. His friends need feel no alarm on that head, as we believe him to be a perfect Joseph Andrews.

His sub-division contained, (excepting the cavalry and music) 116 rank and file, being 5 less than captain Malone had in his company. After receiving the honors of a review and salute *en passant*, Hughey took up the line of march, and retired to his home and peaceful fire-side.

Arrived in town on Monday, the Amorous Divine, who says that he will preach on next Sunday, in spite of the devil and adultery.

At the late Mayor's court, a man and his wife brought cross actions, each charging the other with having committed an assault and battery. On investigation it appeared that the husband had pushed the *door* against his wife, and the wife in turn had pushed the *door* against her husband. A gentleman of the bar remarked, that he could see no impropriety in a man and his wife a-dooring each other.

FOR THE TICKLER.

A NEW SONG,

TO AN

OLD TUNE.

A Printer there was, and he lived in a court,
(Not a place to which nobles and princes resort)
But a snug little alley, back-side of a house,
Where printers and devils set type and carouse.
Derry down.

On the land of Shilelah, this lad first trod leather,
Where potatoes and patriotism, he sucked in together,
And in the proportion, he ate this nice food,
He imbibed the pure stream of republican blood.
Derry down.

Surcharged with this *spirit*, he needs must now roam,
To diffuse its kind influence abroad as at home,
He to India's far distant clime bends his course,
Where folks ride on *pole*-back, instead of a horse.
Derry down.

This climate unhealthy, did not suit his frame,
He for exercise practis'd the pole-riding game.
The *black-hole* he visited, for sake of the air,
And the sport 'cat o'nine tails,' amused him there.
Derry down.

This system of regimen did but depress
His spirits now worn down with grief and distress,
So to England's *curs'd Isle*, he was shortly despatch'd,
The dire place near which his disorder was hatch'd.
Derry down

To America's shores, he next orders his flight,
The affairs of the nation to guard and set right,
He was received by 'the People,' with wide open arms,
As a saviour just sent, to preserve them from harms.
Derry down.

He the roast ruled for years, and was the touchstone,
By which a true genuine republican was known,
No man but who bowed at his infallible shrine,
Was suffered to be in democracy's line.
Derry down.

An office he crav'd, says he, 'make me a colonel,'
So a colonel they made this brave knight of the journal,
A cock'd hat he put on, and he mounted a horse,
(Not a pole) and then marshal'd his physical force.
Derry down.

This post in the militia, 'the national nerve,'
Did not line well his purse or his purposes serve,
The United States army, came plump in his mind,
Where *honour* with what they call *pay*, is combin'd.
Derry down.

A colonel of riflemen now was his station,
He made a bold stand in defence of the nation,
He swore that the governor of our republican state,
Was a weak silly fool, what the French call *grand bête*.
Derry down.

This conduct did vastly the people displease,
Who were fond of their idol, the king of the geese;
They deserted the colonel, their ci-devant friend,
And he found to his sorrow, his jig at an end.
Derry down.

Thus ends the career of our gallant type-brother,
The patriots all follow the horn of another,
For the mob, like a pack of hounds in a close,
Though they make a great cry, they're led by the nose.
Derry down.

FROM THE LANCASTER TIMES.

To SIMON SNYDER,

Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

SIR,

Some men have been popular, because they were known; their virtues, talents, and patriotism have been rewarded by a grateful and generous public. But sir, your popularity is of a very different kind—it has arisen from your *not being* known. Not that your qualities are absolutely *negative*, but such as you possess, are of that kind, which could never invite esteem in any country, where mental acquirements, and those social habits that arise from civilization are considered of any value. Your name does not appear among those patriots, who risked their lives and fortunes in defence of their country during our revolutionary war. In the cabinet you were not known. As a member of the state legislature, you have been a silent one; and the records of that body, does not carry a single evidence, that any measure of the most minute importance, was ever brought forward by you. These are facts, and being such, it may be tho't extraordinary, that you should ever have been thought of for governor of an enlightened community.

The writer of these numbers took no part in the election; he was a quiet spectator of the conflict, and had many conversations during the struggle, with some of your warmest friends, in this part of the state, on the subject of your talents and information, not one of whom did not admit without hesitation, that you were far inferior to either of the other candidates, but the party having agreed upon you, it was necessary to use every exertion as a *party* to secure your election—from which it may be fairly inferred, that you were merely made use of by your *party*, as Sampson used a certain instrument to beat down the Philistines.

There were no doubt in the extreme parts of the state, some of your supporters sufficiently ignorant of your natural endowments and acquired understanding, to believe that you possessed the wisdom of Solomon, the legal talents of M'Kean, and the science of a Newton. I mean such creatures as that wretched poetaster, who penned the toasts which appeared in the Crawford Messenger last July. A specimen of those *sublime* flights of fancy, was republished in this paper a few weeks ago, and occasioned that kind of merriment which arises from extreme folly, attempting at either wit or sublimity.

So far by way of exordium, I shall now proceed to the registering of some more facts.

Shortly after your installation, you gave Mr. Bevan Pearson, formerly of Delaware county, now a resident in Mercer, reason to believe, that one of his brothers should be appointed prothonotary in the place of Mr. Dick, who was to be removed. Near the close of the session, you issued a commission to Mr Bevan Pearson, *then a member of the house of representatives* as prothonotary in the room of John Findley, removed.—Mr. Bevan Pearson, then reminded you of the commission for his brother in Delaware county. You replied to Pearson, that you 'had determined to commission but one person in a family, and that his brother in Delaware county could not be commissioned, without violating the system you had laid down for your guide.' I shall not at this time, controvert the propriety of the system, by which you then pretended to regulate your conduct relative to appointments: but I will prove, that you have, as in the cases of public opinion already mentioned, made use of it to cover your decision, or a subterfuge for deception and perfidy. I shall now take notice of one case. You have appointed Samuel Bryan, register and recorder, for the city and county of Philadelphia, in the room of Charles Swift, removed: and a few days ago, you appointed his brother George Bryan, auditor of accounts for this commonwealth! what faith can be placed in your declarations after this?*

In the appointment of George Bryan, you have excluded, or shoved from office Mr. Richard Crane, one of your own party, and whom you appointed register general, last December. Now sir, if Mr. Crane was competent to perform the duties of the office of register general, when he was appointed, it is presumed that he is equally competent to perform the duties of the office of auditor, from which you have excluded him, in consequence of the name of the office being changed. In this transaction, you have declared to the public, that Mr. Crane is incompetent of performing the duties attached to the office of auditor. If this be the case, why did you appoint him register general? Did public opinion, by which you pretend to be governed, inform you, that he was competent four months ago, and incompetent now? If so, there can be but little dependence on public opinion.

Your administration is already so chequered with contradictions, with absurdities, with imbecility, persecution, intolerance, and false professions, that it has no similitude to any republican institution in this or any other country.

A REPUBLICAN.

* Another instance of Snyder's departure from his pretended system exists in this city, where he has appointed two brothers to offices.

For the TICKLER.

Mr. Scratch'em,

I have read with peculiar emotion the *reflections of a newly made M.D.* inserted in your 64th number. If the writer be really a Doctor of Medicine, he is the veriest wretch of ingratitude; for he has not made a single acknowledgement for the pure unmerited favour which he has received from the medical institution, and by his own confession, he is not fit to practice medicine. If indeed, the University of Pennsylvania are in the habit of conferring degrees of *Medicine Doctor* on men who know not 'calomel from white lead,' and who cannot conceive how it is 'possible that *sixty pupils* are competent to exercise the duties of their profession conscientiously,' I agree with this pretended doctor that there is an error in the medical school which ought to be corrected. It must be the *gratia specialis* and not the *vir bene meritus*, which procures diplomas for men of this description. But my acquaintance with the Professors, warrants me in stating that they do not sport with medical honours in this way.

Daddy, how can so many men all have guns? said a little boy to his father at a review—*how can sixty men be physicians?* says an M. D. at commencement—unanswerable logic, and worthy the character who employed it. It is impossible says the logician and censor 'that sixty men can be examined in the short space of time allotted by the professors.' I answer to this, I must say that I believe his own experience ought to teach him a different language; for, if he has undergone a private examination of an hour, or hour and an half in length which I strongly suspect to have been the case, he cannot be unacquainted with the awkward situation a man finds himself in, who when a question is put to him stares about without uttering a syllable, or perhaps, at last break silence with, 'I don't know sir.' It is no secret that the professors are very minute in their private examination of candidates; and it is well known that several gentlemen have this season, been prevented from taking degrees, by the appearance they made before the Professors. With regard to the public examination, it is never expected that the figure a man makes there, is to decide his fate. The decision is previously made. No one is recommended by the professors as a fit candidate for a degree, who has not at the private examination given them evidence of his qualifications.

Then it is a Rush and a Woodhouse, '*they* and *they* *only* who attract the students, and to whom the University is indebted for its celebrity.' Where is a Barton, a Wistar, a Physic, a Dorsey? Have these great men done nothing towards the reputation of the institution? I speak not to the disparagement of Doctors Rush and Woodhouse; I have the highest respect for the abilities of these gentlemen, but they are only a part of the whole. The opinion, will not, I believe, be disputed by persons of information, that in the United States, six men could not be found who would fill the different chairs with more honour than the present professors. What American does not know that the medical school of Pennsylvania is incalculably superior to any other in the United States? I have conversed with several gentlemen who attended the lectures at Edinburgh, and they candidly declare, that in their opinion, the opportunities for medical improvement there, are in no one respect preferable to those at Philadelphia.

In speaking thus of the medical school, I only express the popular opinion. I do not take this interest in the present subject, from local attachments, for I am not a Pennsylvanian. Nor am I influenced by any conversation with either of the professors; I declare I have not heard one of them speak a syllable on the subject, but I feel a respect for men whose lectures have afforded me great instruction and delight, and I am not insensible of the value of the honours I have lately received from this very respectable institution. If Mr. M. D. is not 'far removed in the Western wilds,' and should be disposed again to show himself to the public in the dress he wore two weeks since, I promise him a continuation of my courteous attention. At present, I have only to remark that his communication is not altogether destitute of merit; it has a just claim to originality, and furnishes perhaps more materials for ridicule than any other of equal length.

R.

Advertisement Extraordinary.

PETER PUFF

Having obtained a patent for selling all kinds of patent machines, &c. informs his numerous friends and a discerning public, that all machines, &c. which are not purchased at his warehouse, are spurious.

HE MAKES AND SELLS,

1st. Patent fowling pieces, with two locks; one at the usual place, the other at the muzzle, so that with two charges it serves as a double barrelled gun, & much more handy. It is particularly useful for *young sportsmen*, as with this gun it is immaterial which end is put to the shoulder.

2d. Double barrelled guns, which are sure to hit, provided the bird is within *hearing* though not in *sight*.

3d. To prevent the many dreadful accidents which happen by guns going off without the intention of the owner, he has made a few for his particular friends *without touch-holes*.

Peter Puff has also invented a new patent *portable* washing machine, which must be of singular utility to *travellers* who are short of linen. It folds up in a size for the pocket, and will wash a shirt with ease and expedition whilst on the *wearer's back*.

Notquiteblack and his Client.

....

Two lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er,
Shook hands, although they'd wrangled hard before;
'Zounds!' says the client who was cast, 'pray how
'Can you be friends, who were such foes just now?'
'Thou fool,' says one, 'we lawyers, tho' so keen,
'Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's between.

An honest bluff country fellow meeting the parson of the parish in a by-lane, and not giving him the way so readily as he expected, the parson with an erected crest, told him he was better fed than taught. 'Very true, indeed, Sir,' replied the farmer. 'for you teach me and I feed myself.'

Captain Cristie, an Irish officer, who served with considerable credit in America, had the misfortune to be dreadfully wounded in a battle. As he lay on the ground, an unfortunate soldier who was near him, and was also much wounded, made a terrible howling, when he exclaimed, 'D—n your eyes, what do you make such a noise for, do you think nobody is *killed* but yourself.'

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